The Senior Blotter

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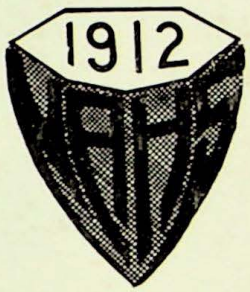
The Senior Blotter

New Albany High School

Class of



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C. Heimberger & Son

Entered in the Postoffice at New Albany, Indiana, October 27, 1911, as
Second Class Matter

NEW ALBANY, INDIANA
Baker's Printing House, Printers, Binders, Stationers, Book Store
1912

Farewell

School, within whose rooms we oft have sighed
With hopes that rose and fell,
As some harder task we tried,
Farewell.

Thy walls have echoed all our cries,
Have seen our pranks begun,
And viewed with wonder and surprise
Our fun.

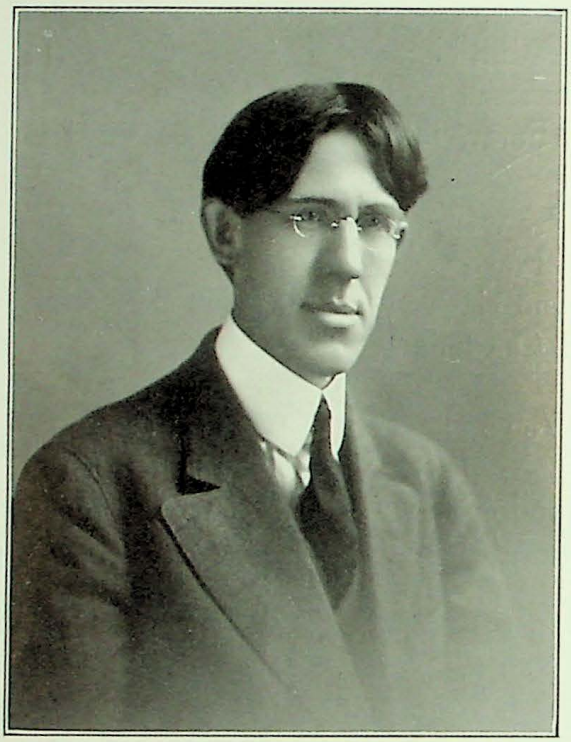
We've played and fought oft in your name
As victors came to you,
And now we leave with you the fame.
Adieu.

For four short years we've labored hard
At last to reach this day
And now it finds us loathe to go
Away.

Teachers, who for years have taught
Both faithfully and well,
School, in whose name we sang or fought,
Farewell.

—R. P.

Charles B. McLinn



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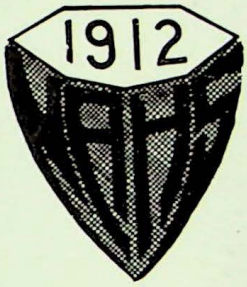

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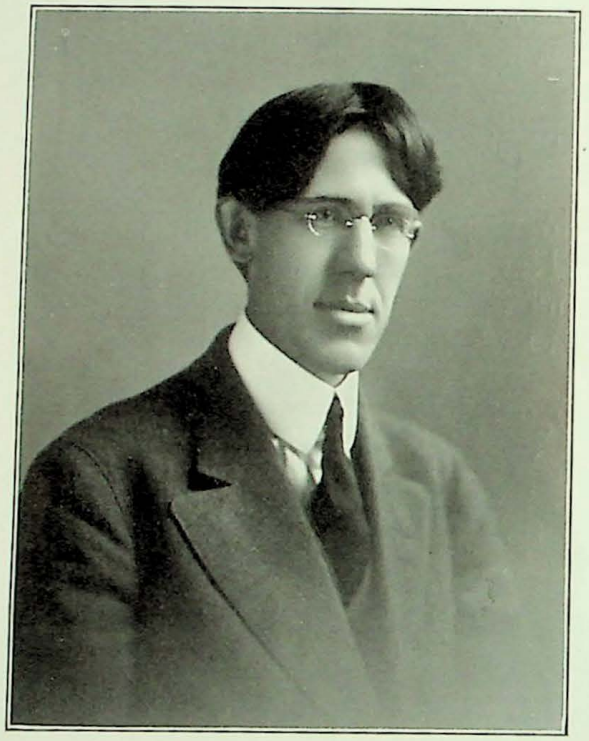


To

Charles B. McLinn

Our Teacher, Friend, Companion and Principal
We know not how in simple word to say
Our love, our reverence to thee our friend.
Not only friend, but counsellor day by day.
With ever ready helping hand to lend
A cheerful word and ever friendly nod,
Through Comus' tangled byways we have gone
And through dark paths with Macbeth we have trod,
Have fought again the combats, one by one,
Of Arthur and his knightly Table Round.
To thee we dedicate our book, and pray
Through all the years that quickly pass around,
That thou wilt know the thoughts we fain would say.

The Faculty

H. A. Buerk, Superintendent of Schools.

Jacob P. Sauter, Mathematics. Thos. H. Allen, Physics and Chemistry.

Charles E. Jenkins, Mathematics. Edw. E. Daniels, German.

Etelka J. Rockenbach, Latin and German. Charles B. McLinn, Principal.

Vesta R. Simmons, English. Truly B. Ray, English

Grace Baerd, English. Katherine Singleton, History.

Mary F. Coble, Latin. R. W. Noyer, Latin. Orra Mack Jenks, History. Alice Funk, Botany.

Honor Roll

Spence Hegewald, First.

Mildred Heckel, Second.

Marian Owen. Mabel Brown.

Clarence Baker. Noel Byrd.

Beatrice Blackiston.

A HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA

Stanley Scott, "Scotty"

Editor-in-Chief of Senior Blotter, Business Manager Class President, President Wranglers, (charter member), President Alcyone, Debates (2) III, Blotter III and IV, Track III.

What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own.

Lucile Hackett, "Hackett"

Senior Blotter.

Tell her not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
Life is laughter, life is pleasure,
Things are funnier than they seem.

John Daniel, "Danny"

Wranglers, Foot Ball III and IV Capt. Foot Ball IV, Basket Ball III and IV, Vice Pres. Athletic Association IV, Track III and IV.

He knows nothing base,
Fears nothing known.

Ruth Clark, "Clarkey"

There's a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,—nay her foot speaks.

Van Scott, "Scottie"

Business Manager Senior Blotter.

Our hands are full of business, let's away,
Advantage feeds them fat, while men delay.

Mary Clippinger, "Clipp"

Senior Blotter.

From every little blush that kindles in thy cheek,
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring
To revel in the roses.

Frank Hanafee, "Irish"

Wranglers, Foot Ball, Capt. Varsity Base Ball IV, Secretary Athletic Association.

There's a brave fellow! a man of pluck! A man who's not afraid to say his say, though a whole town's against him.

Pearl Austin, "Fratz"

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look to her face and you'll forget them all.

Edward Ridley, "Rid"

Foot Ball IV, Varsity Base Ball IV, Blotter II.

In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive and a hand to execute.

Margaret Rowe, "Rowey"

A happy soul that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day.

Morris Best, "Besty"

Foot Ball III and IV.

He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book.

Harriet Neat, "Neaty"

To be merry well becomes you, in truth you were born to enjoy life.

Philip Hale, "Phip"

Wranglers, Foot Ball IV, Track IV, Varsity Base Ball.

Mine eyes make pictures when they are shut.

Spence Hegewald, "Heggy"

Vice President Wranglers, Mgr. Senior Blotter.

Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please.

Hazel Patton, "Patty"

Class Secretary.

Comely, a mirthful girl, one who delights in laughter.

Ralph Brubeck, "Lefty"

Foot Ball IV, Basket Ball IV, Varsity Base Ball IV, Track IV.

Men of few words are the best men.

Alvin Hinkle, "Hink"

Wranglers, Senor Blotter.

I am no proud Jack like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of metal, a good boy.

Ruth Booher, "Rufus"

The demure little chin, the sedate little nose, and the forehead of sunstained white.

Beatrice Blackiston, "Biddy"

Class Treasurer, Senior Blotter, Blotter II.

Preserving the sweetness of proportion and expressing itself beyond expression.

Mary Stotsenburg, "Stots"

Blotter III, Editor-in-chief of Blotter IV.

The force of her own merit makes her way.

Guy Wolfe, "Hooker"

'Tis impious in a good man to be sad.

Ruth Plummer, "Peaches"

That caressing and exquisite grace — never bold, Ever present—which just a few women possess.

Bessie Jenkins, "Bess"

And now I have arrived at last unto the wished-for haven of my bliss.

Mildred Heckel, "Millie"

Tutored in the rudiments of many desperate studies.

Noel Byrd, "Cutey"

I profess not talking, only this, That each man do his best.

Emmet Bullington, "Bully"

Though modest, on his unembarrassed brow Nature had written — gentleman.

Mabel Wood, "Woody"

And if she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't.

Franklin Stork, "Storkey"

Life is too short for mean anxieties.

Marguerite Ferguson, "Little Rete"

So mild, so merciful, so good, so patient, peaceful, loving, pure.

Ruth Browne, "Babe"

Orchestra, Senior Blotter.

Music—the soul of all things beautiful.

Mabel Brown, "Brownie"

Patience is a plant that grows not in all gardens.

Nova Crandall, "Nuba"

I say just what I mean, no more. Orchestra.

Clarence Baker, "Bak"

Wranglers, Debate IV. Orchestra.
Let me have audience for a word or two.

Mary McDonough, "Sunshine"

Her face appears to be wrapped in a veil of sunbeams.

Vinco Moore, "Binc"

Blotter III and IV, Senior Blotter, Vice President Alcyone.

. . . The world agrees
That she writes with ease.

Merill Williams, "Shorty"

Wranglers, Senior Blotter.

He reads much and is a great observer.

Mary Scheller, "Kidlets"

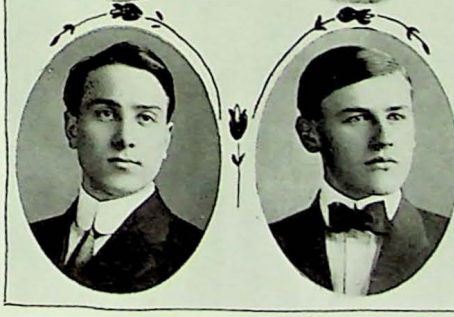
And oft I've heard defended
Little said is soonest mended.

Cleo Merriweather, "Fleo"

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnares, and beauty draws us with a single hair.

Frank Bedford, "Doc"

I value science; no man can prize it more.

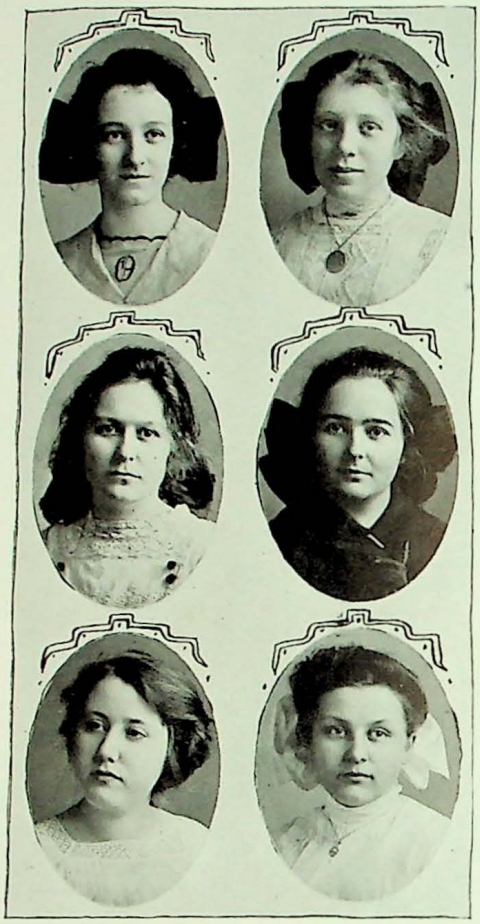


Ralph Schreiber, "Aurora"

This man decides not to live but to know.

Marian Owen, "Marmion"

Her modest looks the primrose might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.



Esther Fleisher, "Es"

My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain.

Alice Kranz, "Micky"

As pure as a pearl, and as perfect, a noble, an innocent girl.

Emma Schleicher, "Amo"

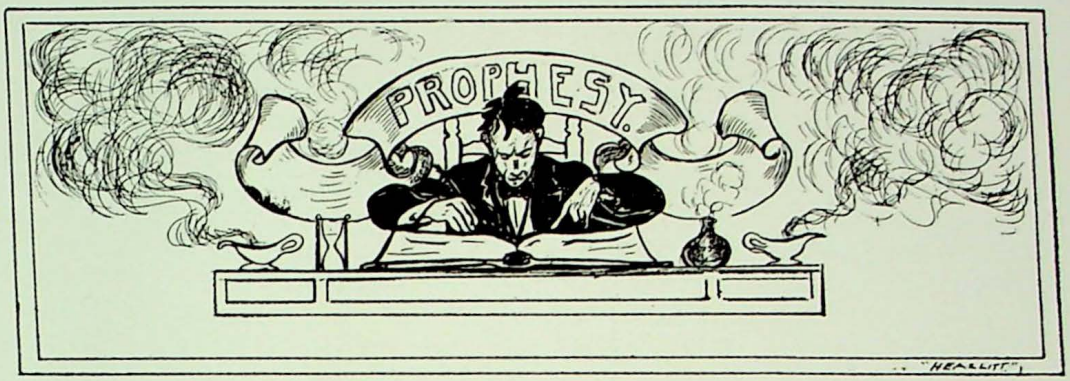
An unassuming but a sweet little Miss.

Flora Burris, "Flossie"

Her voice was ever soft and gentle, an excellent thing in woman.

Irene Graybrook, "Reme"

Duty before pleasure alway.



The hack in which I had returned from Commencement had drawn up in front of my home. The driver stood holding the door open while I alighted, my skirts grasped with one hand and my flowers in the other. Suddenly there was a splash, and there was my commencement slipper covered with black mud and water! I rushed into the house, angry at the driver for not drawing up nearer to the pavement and provoked at my own awkwardness.

A low fire burned in the grate. I kicked off the slipper on the hearth rug and sat down to give vent to my feelings. After a while the mud on the slipper dried and a tiny voice seemed to come from it: "Now child, don't worry about that slipper. You can't help it, and anyway, when you are a country school teacher you'll have to get used to mud."

At this I fairly groaned, for of all things, I most dislike muddy heels.

"I wouldn't worry at all," continued the voice. "There are others in your class that will experience the same thing."

"Who are the poor unfortunates?" I asked, becoming very much interested.

Without waiting to hear I began to name over the prospective school teachers and at every one so destined a little piece of dried mud crackled and fell off on the floor. There was a piece for Flora, Cleo, Esther, Nova, Beatrice, Marian, Mildred, Mabel Brown and Bessie Jenkins.

What a list of teachers!" I murmured. "Once a teacher, always a teacher. But doesn't Mabel Wood come in this list too?" I queried.

"No," returned the voice from the slipper, "she is better suited to care for a house built just for two."

"This is my chance to learn about the entire class," I thought. "I'll question this voice. Can you tell me anything about Clarence Baker's future?" I asked, directing my voice toward the slipper.

"Yes," came the answer, "he'll make an excellent book agent and it is probable that his best selling book will be one entitled, 'How to Smile,' by Miss Mary McDonough."

"What a kind voice to tell me of two when I only asked about one. Now what of Noel Byrd?"

"He'll enter politics seeking as his first office that of county sheriff."

"Alvin Hinkle," the voice assured me, "will become one of the most careful street car conductors in the city and

as for motormen, Spence Hegewald will never be surpassed."

"What is Lucile Hackett's calling?" I inquired.

"She is called to lead the life of a nun," returned the voice in sober tones.

"Hackett—!" I exclaimed, but I was interrupted by a rapid crackling of mud, indeed so rapid that I feared all would be gone before I learned the future of the entire class. I clasped my hand over my mouth, parting the fingers just far enough to speak the name of Harriet Neat.

"She will be a suffragette leader. You will some day see her marching at the front of a great crowd of women carrying a banner bearing such an inscription: 'Vote for Miss Stotsenburg for Prosecuting Attorney, and Miss Plummer for County Clerk.' "

"Margaret Rowe?"

"Margaret," said the voice in tones of deepest reverence, "will be a demure little deaconess stationed at the church of the Reverend Van Dyke Scott."

"What about Emmet Bullington?"

"O, he'll be a ladies' man, so thoroughly appreciating women that in time he will doubtless become editor-in-chief of 'The Ladies' Home Journal.' "

"Frank Hanafee and ——?"

"Philip Hale," interrupted the voice. "In a short time they will both be wearing the uniform of the police force and be giving accounts to John Daniel, their chief."

"And Merrill Williams?"

"He is destined to be a dentist who can fill, crown and remove teeth without the slightest pain."

"He'll do work for the whole class if that's the case," I thought.

"You haven't told me anything about Marguerite Ferguson."

"She will prove to be one of the literary lights of your class," was the answer.

"One?" I asked wonderingly. "Pray tell me who the others are?"

"Well, there are Mary Clippinger and Mary Scheller, both will at least gain some magazine fame."

"What about Ruth Clark?"

"The foreign fields lie before her—a timid missionary lady."

Frank Bedford came next.

"He will become a noted chiropodist who without pain will make corns disappear."

"What about Ed Ridley?" was my next inquiry.

"Well," returned the voice, "owing to his good behavior and disposition the school board will probably give him a position as janitor when Mr. Carrick has resigned."

"Morris Best?"

"He'll be Ed. Ridley's assistant."

"And Pearl Austin?"

"A stenographer and will very probably experience the usual romance of the stenographer and her employer."

"Hazel Patton?"

"An expert hair-dresser was the reply."

"Alice Kranz?"

"Yes, and Emma Schleicher," added the voice. "They'll both become sisters of charity in the city hospital."

"And Franklin Stork?"

"He'll drive a motor truck for the Brubeck & Shreiber wholesale produce house."

"Irene Graybrook?"

"She has shown marked dramatic ability and will prove a success on the stage."

"Guy Wolfe?"

"He will, when he has reached the qualified age of probation officer, succeed the present officer, Mr. Kraft."

"Now, tell me of Ruth Brown and I shall soon be through my list," I entreated.

The mud crackled and crackled and

finally the voice responded in gruff tones, "You know as well as I that Ruth Brown will be a great musician. Why do you ask?"

"I beg pardon," I meekly returned. "I only wanted your word for it. Now, won't you tell me of Ruth Booher?"

"She will write a history some day that will deserve a place on the shelf with West and Harding."

"Now tell me of Stanley Scott and I shall let you rest."

"Well, he, as you know, will go to military school, but bye and bye he'll return to the good old Hoosier State and settle down as editor of 'The New Albany Tribune.'"

The last piece of mud had fallen from the slipper and the voice was silent. I picked the slipper up; it was dry. I dusted it off and found after all that the stains were only slight. I dropped it again and hurried off to bed, satisfied with the future of the class of 1912.

—V. E. M.

Valentine Party

On the 14th of February, with all his hearts, cupids, and ribbons, St. Valentine took possession of the gymnasium—barring reluctant Freshmen from their favorite game of basket-ball—and reigned supreme in that domain until 10:20 p. m. The Senior girls took advantage of the opportunity and entertained the Senior boys, the faculty and some of the faculty wives, with a typical leap year party. Each date was made in a shy feminine manner which finally culminated in a most pleasant evening.

The Gym was decorated with a wide border of hearts of various sizes arranged around its walls; the four center columns were wrapped with white and wound with red; crepe paper was also draped between these columns, the intersection of which was weighted with a large, well-rounded heart. In one end of the Gym. a cozy corner was arranged with cushions, pennants, and a cheerful fire-place; in the other end the punch-booth was very popular. In the dining-room—on other occasions the girls' locker room—the tables were artistically arranged with Cupid place cards, candelabra and hearts. Heart-shaped ices, cakes and mints were served also carrying out this Valentine idea.

The principal entertainment was known as a progressive proposal in which, to the inspiring strains of music, each girl was allowed five minutes of proposal to each of ten men, teachers and school-mates. Programs, previously prepared were distributed so that there was little confusion in pairing off the proposing couples. If the girl's suit was successful, a heart was drawn on her program beside the name of the acceptor, but if she was rejected a mitten was placed there. To the girl receiving the most mittens was given a heart-shaped box of chocolates as a consolation.

Judging from the merry laughter and the rapid disappearance of the punch, cream and other refreshments, it was evident that the guests thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

A Toast

Here's to the lessons we've already learned!
Here's to the lessons we've shirked!
Here's to those who have always bluffed,
And here's to those who have worked!

Here's to that perfect Freshman class
That entered in nineteen-eight.
Here's to those who have learned to love,
And here's to those who hate.

Here's to the teachers who did their best
And laid down many a rule.
And last, but not least, above all of the rest,
Here's to the dear old school.

—RUTH PLUMMER.

Spring

When the *Wood*(s) are bright and green,
And the grass no longer *Brown*,
And the song-*Bird*(s) are returning
Flitting over hill and down,
When the air is full of perfume
From the blossoms on the trees
And the orchard's full of humming
And the buzzing of the bees;
Oh! then's the time a person
Is a-feeling at his *Best*.
He says the bills he's *Owen*
To the *Baker* and the rest.
And then to just lie down beneath
Some shady forest tree,
Or *Rowe* upon the quiet lake
Or to some woodland flee.
Then he hopes this *Merriweather*
Will never change again,
And for a time that he will see
No *Moore* of sleet or rain.
If the world could stay forever
In the fresh *Neat* dress of Spring
It seems that every creature
Should find joy in everything.

—RUTH PLUMMER.

A Dream of The Past

My proudest evening was over. I had done everything I had been looking forward to for the past four years. I had ridden in a hack behind two white horses; I had given a girl by my side the pretty roses she held in her arms; I had experienced the handshakes of my school friends, with the words: "Well, I guess you're glad it's over," and the touch of the old men accompanied with the words: "Let thy light so shine before men that they might see thy good works." I had felt the smile of those who thought I was glad my High School career was over and the compassionate look of those who thought I was sorry.

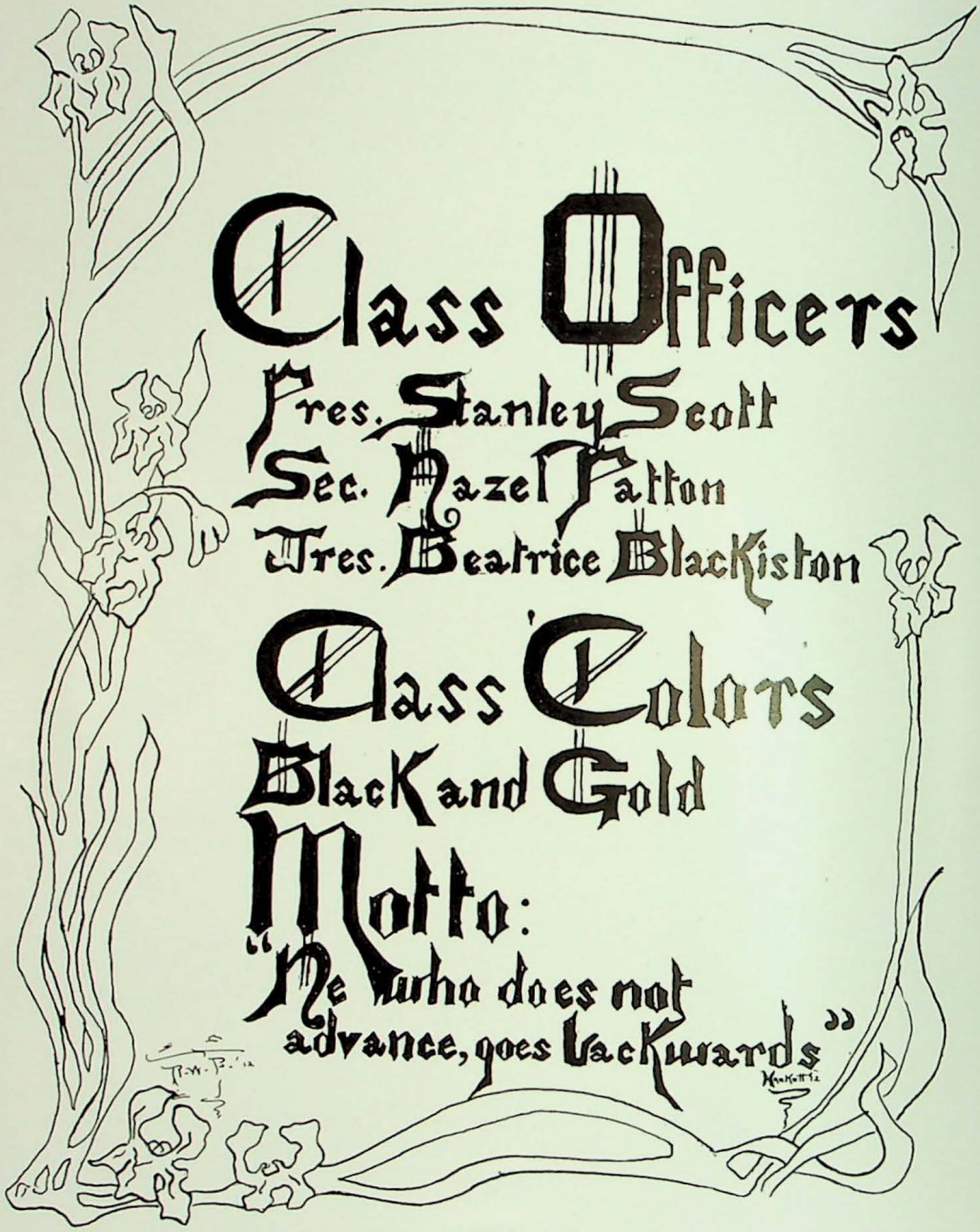
Now I sat in a large Morris chair before a grate in which only an occasional flicker told that the fire still lived. The diploma on my knees recalled all the events of the evening—the dresses, the flowers, the speaker, the audience. My vision became dimmer as I looked into the future—a future of disappointment and work. I thought, thought, until the room disappeared and the clock ceased to tick. Before me was a massive stone wall with only one opening—an iron gate—near the middle. Figures of horses, chariots and sieges of cities were carved on the upper portion of the wall. The same feeling of awe and veneration for the structure pervaded my spirits as when four years ago I looked at the High School building. I went up to the gate; it opened, and I entered. A long, smooth path, shaded with trees, stretched out in front of me. On either side were cages surrounded with sweet-scented flowers of all colors and shapes.

How happy I was in this garden of beauty, where nothing disturbed the silence except the occasional song of a bird or the rustling of the leaves. The desire to know what was in the cages caused me to trip up to the first one, over which was written: "Mr. McLinn's Office." I peeped in and saw many foxes eating grapes from a vine which crept too near those destructive animals. How true, thought I, they are the troublesome students who destroy what they ought not destroy. The next cage had the instription, "High School After The Blotter Is Issued." "Oh!" said I, "They are giraffes, the persons who look over subscribers' shoulders and read the school paper." I crossed the path and went to the cage named "Boys' Lunch Room at Dinner." I saw fat pigs eating away amidst many grunts. Next, "Miss Coble's Room." There I found many ponies ridden by invalid students.

I could hear, far down the path, a continuous chatter. I looked and saw the largest cage in the garden. Near the top was written: "Chapel." I drew near and lifted the curtain. Lo! a flock of sparrows was chattering loudly as they pecked at little crumbs of conversation. I came near missing a small cage near "Chapel" from which no sound issued. The inscription, "Sewing," was above; inside were beavers working away silently. Lions, I thought, as I passed the "Football" cage. How interesting everything was growing. I ran from one to another, finding in "Freshmen" cage, peacocks; in "Faculty" cage, wise owls; in "Janitor" cage, deers (dears); in "Senior Girls' English Class," lambs.

The path came to an end. A large arch rose before me on which was written, "From Commeneement to the Great Beyond." The path up to this point, through the zoo of High School life, had been straight, smooth and filled with pleasures. But now my pleasant walk ceases; I must traverse that winding path—rugged, steep and full of huge stones, beyond the arch. I was just entering upon that path when a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and father roughly said: "Get to bed—you know you must go to work tomorrow."

—S. L. S.


Class Officers
Pres. Stanley Scott
Sec. Hazel Patton
Tres. Beatrice Blackiston
Class Colors
Black and Gold
Motto:
"He who does not
advance, goes backwards"

Senior Blotter Board

Editor-in-Chief

Stanley Scott

Assistants

Beatrice Blackiston
Vinco Moore
Mary Clippinger
Merrill Williams
Alvin Hinkle

Busines Manager

Wan Scott

Assistant

Spence Hegewald

Art Staff

Ruth Browne
Lucile MacKett

"What Is It Betty?"

"What is it, Betty?"

Betty was standing at the window, gazing abstractedly into the street, with a melancholy look very different from her usual sunny self.

"It's Helen," said Betty briefly without looking up.

"What about Helen?" her aunt asked, rather impatiently.

"She must have those commencement dresses for next week, Aunt Margaret," announced Betty energetically. "Of course, she wants to look like the rest. She's nearly eighteen and never has pleasure like the other girls."

"Nonsense!" was the half-angry response. "You can barely manage now with your uncertain earnings. You humor her whims too much, Elizabeth. I have no patience with you. You denied yourself to send her to High School and now she imposes upon you. She has no pleasure! That is sad, indeed! It seems to me she goes to *every* party and entertainment and forever wants something new. You are only twenty-two yourself, and what pleasure do you have? You work all day and draw half the night. When you could have taken drawing lessons that selfish sister of yours used the money for some foolish unnecessary trifle. It is not right!"

"But I don't mind it, Auntie," said Betty, in her most coaxing manner, adding wistfully, "Only how I wish I could go to Europe to study art. Then I could support Helen and myself by teaching. Here she comes now. You're late, Nellie, dear.

As their aunt looked at the two girls she wondered that they were so different. Helen was the picture of her mother, from whom she had inherited her beautiful golden hair, blue eyes and pretty face. Betty had never been called beautiful, but there was a winning expression in her clear, brave eyes, her sweet little mouth and soft brown hair.

There was no further talk of drawing lessons or commencement for a few days. Then one afternoon as Nellie entered the room, Betty greeted her, exclaiming joyously:

"Look, Nellie!" and she held up a check for fifty dollars, "Isn't it lovely of Uncle Philip. This will pay for a whole year's drawing lessons. Then I know I can get scholars and you can have everything you want after——. Why, what is the matter?"

"O, nothing," sobbed Nellie, "only I've just seen Clara's commencement dress and it's so beautiful. I can't have anything."

For a moment Betty stood silent. The happy enthusiastic look left her face and she sighed deeply. Then suddenly she turned impulsively to her sister and with forced cheerfulness, said:

"Here, take it, darling! You shall have all the dresses you want."

"Will you let me have it?" gasped Nellie.

"It's Betty's," interrupted Aunt Margaret severely, "and if you take it you are more heartless than I thought."

"Well, I can't help it," pouted Nellie, "I need it. Thanks, Betty," and she ran off to share her joy with her friend.

So Helen went to receptions and parties and wore expensive lace dresses. Betty came home from a reception given by one of Helen's friends, her eyes shining as if she had an extra piece of news.

"It was a lovely reception, Auntie. I wish you had been there. Nellie did look so sweet! And guess whom I met there." She paused a moment to give the proper effect.

"Why, Dick, Uncle Philip's son, whom I haven't seen since I was a little girl. He knew me, too, and talked about the good times we used to have. I did not know he was in this country. I thought he was in Europe living with his father. By the way, he hasn't heard from Uncle Phil for a month. I wonder—— what makes you look so strange, Aunt Margaret?"

"I was startled at the coincidence," was the laughing answer. "Here is a letter from your uncle, which just came. He is on his way here, will be here tomorrow. Don't look so astonished. He always does things in a hurry."

"I suppose that's why Dick hasn't heard from him," said Betty thoughtfully.

"And listen, Betty. From certain things he writes, I have reason to think you will get your longed-for trip abroad. He hints at his intention of adopting one of you and of course it will be you, for he speaks favorably of you and this means a great deal as he is very eccentric and when he notices anyone it is for some reason."

"I hope he'll like me," was Betty's only answer. But during the next few days she danced about the house joyously and her eyes wore a look of silent rapture.

The day he arrived Betty was out, as luck would have it, but Helen was at home. From the moment she entered the room he never took his eyes from her face. He and Betty were the best of friends, but it was evident that Nellie was his favorite.

If Betty noticed the turn affairs were taking, she had too much spirit to show it. A few days later she came to her aunt and with a queer sort of look in her eye, said that her uncle had decided to adopt Nellie, and take her to Europe with him to live and finish her education.

The day they left Aunt Margaret was unable to see them off, but Betty told her about it when she came back, alone, with her eyes actually shining with happiness, as if it had been her own desire fulfilled.

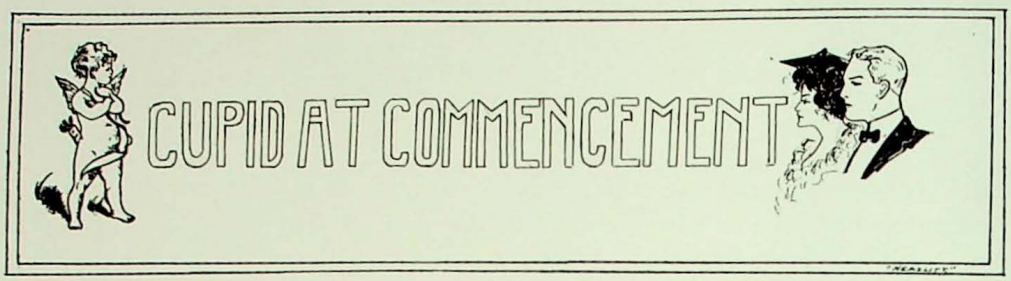
"I never saw anyone so happy," she breathed with the tenderest smile. "If you could only have seen her, Auntie!"

"You seem to be happy enough over it," her aunt remarked sourly.

"Of course I am," she returned happily. Then with a winsome smile and a lovely color in her cheeks, she added, half shyly:

"I saw Dick today. He wants me to marry him and O Auntie, we're going to Europe in the fall and I'll get my heart's desire after all. Isn't it nice that Uncle Phil wants Nellie instead of me?"

—MILDRED HECKEL.



I entered the elevator and was taken to the fourteenth floor. I stopped before an office door and read, "Cupid and Brothers." In each corner was a small Cupid, with his bow and arrow. I entered the door and was asked to step into Mr. Cupid's private office.

"Well, how is everything over at N. A. H. S.," he asked, flipping a cigar into the tray.

"That is what I came to ask you. Some of the Seniors are in a bad fix. Your agent didn't do a very good piece of business in some of their cases."

"Well, let's see; I can't come over this month,—April is too busy for me. Anything especially troublesome?"

"Quite a number of the Seniors haven't any date for Commencement."

"Great Scott! man, if that is the case, I'll be over Tuesday."

He rang for his secretary and I withdrew.

On Tuesday he was standing by the principal's office, when I joined him. The ranks were moving but Mary Clippinger and Stanley Scott were standing by the "Medicine Man."

"Isn't that a lovely case, no trusting to agents with them. I came all the way from Indianapolis to fix that case."

"Yes, it is certainly interesting, but how about M—— Murphy? If you ask him how Beatrice is, he says: 'Oh, we're mad.'"

"Why, that means that they are the best of friends," Cupid chuckled.

"Suppose we stroll down to the Sweet Shop?" I asked.

Cupid assented and we had proceeded down Spring street, when we met a tall boy, carrying a number of books.

"Who is that chap?"

"Oh, that's Emmet Bullington."

"Never had his case, I think." Here Cupid consulted a small leather-bound book.

"Well, don't frighten him; I tried to fix up a case between him and Mildred Heckel."

Cupid let forth such a groan that I stood still and stared at him.

"Never try to make a case between two studious people; they'll have too much to quarrel about," he warned.

As we entered the Sweet Shop, Harriet Neat was at one table with a tall boy, who seemed to be taking life easy.

"Is that Besty? I fixed that case up well. The foot-ball season certainly made things hum."

"Well, how about Ruth Clark?"

"Did I ever tell you about her case? The fact is, I inoculated her, and two of my agents fixed Ed; almost killed them both, but they are all right now, while——"

At that moment Ruth Booher passed the window with a tall boy in a dark blue suit.

"That fellow don't belong to H. S., does he?"

"No, he is from Georgetown."

"Oh, I remember, I had that case in

hand last summer, 'Bruz' Murphy is his name. I remember, oh, yes. That case is working out lovely; they do everything that I have planned out for them."

"Say, have you Vinco Moore on your list, Nova Crandall, Mabel Brown and that bunch of girls?"

"Oh, yes," here Cupid laughed out loud. "Those girls are perfect dears; they don't cause me a moment's worry."

Cupid looked at the clock.

"Better be going, I want to catch the next car," he said.

We walked to the Daisy station, discussing numerous other Senior cases. Here, while we were waiting for the car, Ruth Plummer strolled into the station.

"Of all people, here is a girl I thought was in Kentucky!" Cupid exclaimed.

"Well, she is finishing her Senior year at H. S.," I replied.

"I shall do my loving duty by her," Cupid chuckled as he swung onto the car.

He called out that he would attend to all commencement dates in the future.

"Beware, you coming Seniors!

—MARY MCDONOUGH.

Dorothy's Decision

The night was still and beautiful. Dorothy sat in a little low rocker on the front porch, with the pale moonlight shimmering down upon her through the woodbine vines.

Commencement was over. Dorothy could yet see the crowded, brilliantly lighted hall, with the flowers and palms and ferns.

Jack had just said good night and even now she could hear the faint clatter of the horses' feet sounding out upon the still night air.

The faint sweet perfume of the roses in her lap floated up to her. She buried her face in their red, velvety depths and took long, deep breaths. She could scarcely realize this was the last of her wild, careless, happy High School days.

She drew her face from among the roses and rested her chin upon one small shapely hand, while the other toyed with her flowers.

She must decide tonight. That was why she had not gone into the house immediately. She must decide and the decision must be made to-night.

She gazed far out over the long stretch of level lawn silvered by the moonlight.

But the picture which she saw was far different from this—the slender, delicate figure of her mother, the sweet, pale face with the soft brown eyes and the faded, but soft, silky brown hair, drawn loosely back over her white forehead. That was the picture.

Dorothy's thoughts turned. She pictured the glad, free days of a college girl. She thought of the many, many happy times she had planned. She remembered the honors she had hoped to win and the friendships to be gained. How she had longed to be a college girl, to know and to feel the happy days of college life!

Another picture arose. She thought of the long, calm, peaceful days spent with her mother, there in that same little vine-clad porch. She remembered the many times she had sat there in that very same little rocker, with her head pillowed in her mother's lap and sobbed out her sorrows to her sympathizing ear, and as many times she had told her joys and her mother had listened and joined whole hearted in her pleasures and seemed as happy as she. She saw the deep, yearning look in her mother's eyes, when she spoke of going away.

Dorothy could not withstand that deep, loving, yearning appeal. She had decided. It was doubly worth the sacrifice.

The deep tones of the hall clock slowly striking twelve aroused her.

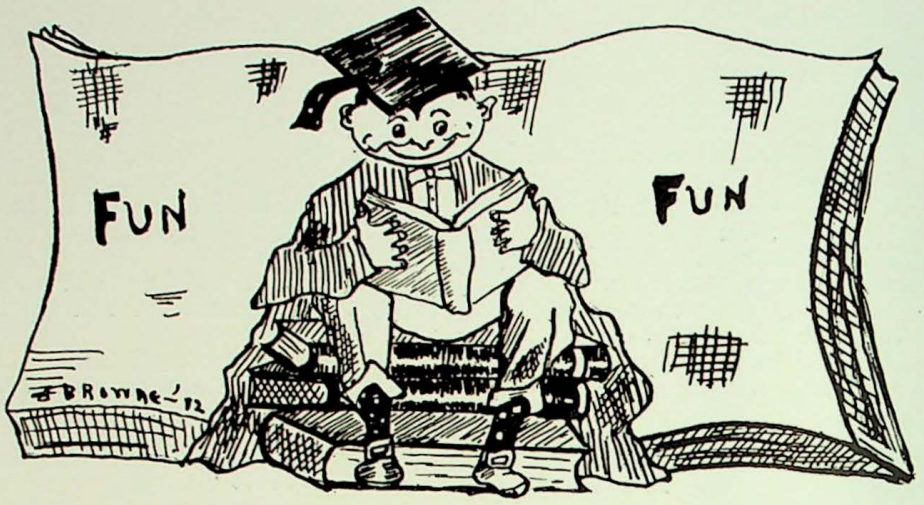
Then came the low voice of her mother, from the doorway, calling softly, "Dorothy, Dorothy."

"Yes, mother; I'm coming."

She gathered up her roses in one arm and with the other thrown about her mother she entered the hall.

Dorothy had made the decision and she was happy in her choice.

—BEATRICE BLACKISTON.



Miss Coble (to Senior Latin class)—"There is another thing that makes Agamemnon immortal. He was *killed by his wife.*

Edward Ridley (in History)—"John Brown was tried, indicted, *persecuted* and hung."

Emmett Bullington (addressing Senior boys)—"Mr. Chairman, *ladies* and gentlemen—"

Mr. Jenks (in History)—"What side did President Buchanan take, Ralph?

Ralph Brubeck—"I think he went over on the south side."

Miss Coble (to Seniors)—"Yes, he was rudely dressed in his bear skin."

Spence Hegewald—"When the Americans reached the top of the hill, the Spaniards were so astonished that they didn't wait to be killed but started to run."

Frank Hanafee—"The corpse charged across the field with the drummer boy at its head."

Mr. McLinn—"Whose corpse was that they were carrying around, Frank?"

Van Scott (translating Virgil)—"The altars stand around and the priestess with her hair *all mussed up.*"

Mr. Jenks (in History)—"What previous military experience had Grant had, Hazel?"

Hazel Patton—"Why, he attended a naval school."

Miss Coble—"Have you ever rowed any, Pearl?"

Pearl Austin—"Yes. Oh! I never did myself."

Miss Coble—"Perithens climbed into a tree, thinking the leaves would hide him, but the Bacchanals pulled him down out of it."

Van Scott—"I thought it was David's son that hid in a tree."

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Red is Ruth Booker's favorite color?

Miss Ray, Miss Simmons and Mr. Daniels all were in the same class at I. U.?

Mabel Brown is quite a physicist?

Home is the best place for children?

When you go to college the order of exercises will be,—Cram — Exam — Flunk—Trunk?

You were once a Freshman? (Don't get the bighead.)

Mr. Jenkins did arithmetic when he was five years old?

Hanafee is Irish?

Mildred Heckel shines bright as the *stars?*

The Blotter

If six years ago, one had told the first editor of the Blotter that it was destined to grow into a very large, self-supporting paper, she would have been unable to comprehend its full significance. Today it is the pride of every High School student to say to a visitor, "Our paper is truly representative of the school and more than supports itself without advertisements." When the Blotter is issued, Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, all with equal enthusiasm, make a rush for the paper which is of common interest.

This year the Blotter Board has exerted itself in trying to surpass the Blotters of former years, and without a doubt they have accomplished their desire. Its general literary quality is unexcelled. The board was composed of Mary Stotsenburg, editor-in-chief; Stanley Scott, business manager; Gwinner Boli, assistant business manager, and Elsie Heckel, Herbert Richards, Vinco Moore, Ashby Millican, Harold Kelly, Carol Smith, Elsie Newhouse and Stuart Craig, assistant editors.

The financial success of the Blotter was undoubtedly the result of an enthusiastic contest. A five dollar picture, "A Reading from Homer," was presented to the session room securing the greatest percentage of subscriptions. Mr. Jenk's room (12-A) won, securing 652 per cent; Miss Ray's room (12-A) was a close second, securing 533 per cent. An individual reward of a free Blotter subscription during the term was awarded to Mary McDonough for obtaining 62 subscriptions. The circulation of the Blotter this term surpasses all former years. The mailing subscription is over two hundred. We, the Class of 1912, fully expect a continuation of the Blotter's higher development.

The Orchestra

FIRST VIOLIN

Theo. Meinhardt
Grace Hartley
Virginia Godfrey
Fred Weathers
Ruth Byrn
Gertrude Zinsmeister
Inez Hartwell
Ruth Clark
Curtis Scott
Martin Venable '11
Ruth Shrader '10

SECOND VIOLIN

Frank Clipp
Harry Murphy
Mary Meek
Emily Brewer
Marvin Scott
Blanche Scott
Herman Robinson
Erdine Robinson, '11½.

BASS VIOL

Merwyn Murphy

PIANISTS

Louise Grubbs
Ruth Browne

FLUTES

Clarence Baker
Bonnie Deatrick
Elsie Heckel
Virginia Sauer
Cornelius Sullivan
Wiley Kiel
Rex Richard '11½

HORNS

Wallace Leach
Victor Kelly

FIRST TRUMPETS

Addis Rue
Theo. Hopkins

CELLOS

Jeff Conner
Ray Winter
Garry Gohman

TROMBONE

Fred Kalies

TRIANGLES—CYMBALS

Shirley Thompson

SECOND TRUMPETS

Joe Burkhardt
Harold Kelly
Joe Weathers

CLARIONET

Joe Day
Maurice Rosenbarger

DRUMS—TRAPS

Vivian Nunemacher, 11½

The last thump of the bass viol, the clear trill of the clarionet and the final locking of instrument cases, closed the most successful year the New Albany High School Orchestra has ever known. From the beginning of the school year with an increase of thirteen members the orchestra has steadily increased under the efficient direction of Mr. Anton H. Embs. Mr. Embs has done wonders in raising the music of the city schools to a high standard of excellence. Not only is the High School Orchestra representative of this, but the choruses of high school and grammar school. Since the beginning of the spring term the members of the orchestra have put in many hours of commendable work, in preparation for the time when they were scheduled to represent us in a programme to be given before the annual meeting of the Southern Indiana Teachers' Association at Indianapolis.

On March 27th, when in perfectly good practice for the concert in the capital city, the orchestra gave a recital in the High School auditorium and revealed its talents to the patrons and pupils of the school. New Albany was reassured of its splendid musical ability by the program given with the aid of a few graduates.

Good humor and friendly feeling was not lacking on the Orchestra Special, which left New Albany for Indianapolis at 8 o'clock a. m., on Friday, March 29th, under the supervision of Prof. Buerk, with Mrs. Clippinger and Mrs. Godfrey acting as chaperones.

The orchestra played the same numbers given on the home program with the exception of vocal and harp solos, which were rendered for the benefit of the home audience. The numbers were presented even better than they had been at home, for every performer seemed to feel a personal responsibility for the success of the evening's recital. At present the orchestra consists of forty-three members including the graduates. Mr. Embs intends to limit the regular number to forty pieces in order to conform to the size of auditorium platform.

We are proud to repeat the words of a man prominent in education, who has traveled throughout the country, when he said after hearing the Indianapolis program, that the New Albany Orchestra is one of the best high school orchestras he ever has heard.

The Wranglers

Stanley Scott .....President
Spence Hegewald .....Vice President
Victor Kelly .....Secretary
John Riely .....Treasurer

Clarence Baker	Alvin Hinkel	Edward Ruter	Alvin Baylor
Gwinner Boli	John Daniel	Herbert Richards	Gary Gohman
Earl Sullivan	Parvin Davis	Ralph Brubeck	Bennett Heazlitt
Frank Hanafee	Earl Teaford	Van Scott	Philip Hale
	Merrill Williams	James Riely	

One of the most important organizations of the school is The Wranglers. Probably no one club has done so much for the school and for the boys. The debaters for the past three years have been picked from The Wranglers. The limitation of the membership to twenty-five has caused great care to be taken in selecting only those who are vitally interested in public speaking and the growth of the organization. Mr. Noyer ably acted as coach in the programs and public affairs. At the beginning of the school year several Wranglers gave declamations before the whole school in Chapel.

The banquet during the Christmas holidays brought forth the climax of the club in high-flown oratory. This event is always looked forward to with pleasure both by The Wranglers and Alumni Wranglers. The latter part of this term has been filled with preparations for the Richmond debate. The organization was divided into two opposing factions, one side taking the affirmative, the other the negative. Finally the contestants narrowed down to six fellows—Baker, Boli, Sullivan, Teaford, Kelley, Richards and Baxter—from whom the team was chosen. The Wranglers make it easy for one to talk and think on one's feet. The organization has stood foremost among the organizations of High School for three years. Its history is filled with success and we feel certain, with its deep root in school affairs, it will ever retain the position it now holds.

Debate

The N. A. H. S. debating team meets Richmond in the High School auditorium May 16th. The question is: 'Resolved, That the Recall is Desirable in the Cities and Towns of Indiana."

New Albany takes the affirmative and is represented by Gwinner Boli, Earl Sullivan, Clarence Baker, and Earl Teaford, alternate. Things look bright for us. If it is possible to judge from the debate on the same question given in Chapel May 9th between the Alumni —Clarence Strack, George Stephens and Raymond Stoy—and the team named above, we predict an easy victory for N. A. H. S. The good condition of the team is due to the splendid coaching of Mr. Noyer. He has worked with them until they are fluent, polished and convincing speakers. All available material in the Falls Cities has been thoroughly examined and each debater is familiar with the question from every standpoint.

The first speaker, Gwinner Boli, will give the origin of the question, tell its history and prove the necessity of the recall in the cities and towns of Indiana.

Earl Sullivan, the second speaker, will prove the good effects it will have on the officeholders. Earl displays a fine delivery.

Clarence Baker, the last speaker, is the most thoroughly informed man on the team. He will prove that the recall is beneficial to the voters of Indiana and also give the rebuttal speech.

Although the debaters are all making their first appearance in public, we feel assured that they will distinguish themselves and reflect great credit on the school.

Other Organizations

This term the organizations of the school have flourished, and an unusually large number of students have become interested in the various societies. Almost every branch of school work is represented by a club or society which not only adds to the interest of that subject but also creates a social life.

The Alcyone, under the leadership of Miss Ray, and the Ionian, under the direction of Miss Baerd, have not held as many meetings as in previous years, but they have done well what they attempted, always putting forth interesting programs of a high type.

Alcyone Officers—
Stanley Scott, President.
Vinco Moore, Vice-President.
Frank Hanafee, Secretary.
Charles Turner, Treasurer.

Ionian Officers—
Robert Prosser, President.
Esther Moore, Vice-President.
Edwin Helck, Secretary.
Helen Smith, Treasurer.

Under the supervision of Mr. Daniel and Miss Neat the German Club has completed a very successful year. Although many last year members had graduated, new ones were taken in last September and the club once more set out with the hopes of promoting an interest in German literature and conversation. In doing this only such members were admitted who would take an active interest in carrying out this purpose. The meetings which were held bi-monthly consisted of programs of German songs, stories, poems and plays. An open meeting was given one evening this year which many students of the school attended and if we can judge by the attention and appreciation shown it was a success. The club has fulfilled the purpose for which it was organized. We hope that this club will continue in the life of the school as it is very helpful to the students in German. The officers are as follows:

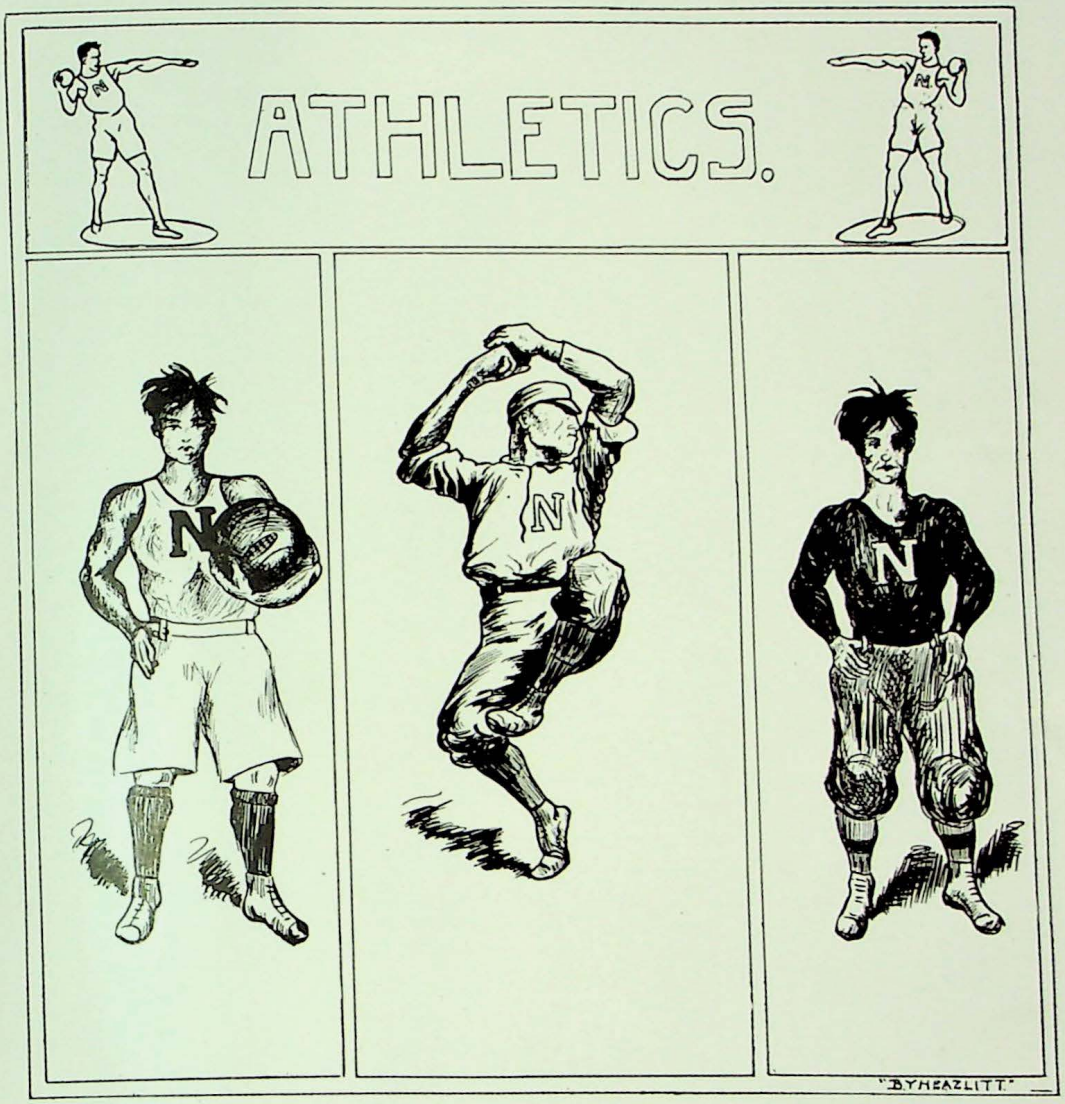
John Rieley, President.
Gladys Kelly, Secretary.

Last September the Athletic Association was re-organized with the purpose of making interest in athletics universal among the boys. The membership fee was lowered and as a result more members joined the association. Frequent meetings were held to encourage attendance at the athletic contests.

The officers were:
John Rieley, President.
John Daniel, Vice-President.
Frank Hanafee, Secretary.
Mr. Daniels, Treasurer.

The Agora, the 10-B literary society, has proved a success and the members have shown interest and enthusiasm in the work. Preparations are now being made to give an open meeting to present the play, "Sweet Brier."

Agora Officers—
Garner Rowell, President.
Helen Rodner, Vice President.
Shirley Sicer, Secretary.
Mildred Hartman, Treasurer.


ATHLETICS.
"BYHEAZLITT"

Basket Ball

It was thought, as usual, at the beginning of the season that no good basket-ball team could be gotten up in N. A. H. S. Yet with a few weeks of practice, Coach Daniels and Manager Jenks, with only two "N" men, developed a very successful team.

In the first game (Salem 11-10) the only real benefit derived was the experience, for, had this game been later in the season, it would have been a walk-away. And had the first game with University School been at home and the second abroad, the result would, in all probability, have been reversed.

Charlestown, Jeffersonville (2), and the second game with University School were easy victories, but Madison and Orleans were too hard to beat on their own floors. The game at Madison is said by the Madison men to have been the fastest game ever played on a Madison floor.

After returning from the Salem game at Salem, the next night at the Y. M. C. A. the team played the best and fastest game of the season against University School. Although the score would not impress one as belonging to a very fast game, it was fight from start to finish. It was here that an athletic team of New Albany High School, for the first time in many years earned a defeat over University School. The victory, however, was the only thing expected by the close followers of the

game, as, at that time, it would have been difficult for any team to defeat our representatives on the local floor, since their eyes were almost perfectly focused for the baskets of that floor.

The team made a good record and did very creditable work for N. A. H. S., and we, in behalf of the school, wish to compliment them on their success.

"N" MEN.

John Riely, captain—the fastest player on the team and always to be found in the spot for which the ball is started. John usually made more baskets than the man he was guarding. He made an "N" last year.

Maurice Daniel—a faithful guard and a hard worker. It was an unusual occasion that saw the ball in the possession of his man within sure distance of the goal. Maurice has been elected to lead the team next year.

Frank Clipp—always present at practice and having the good of the team at heart. He plays an enthusiastic game and also is capable of very fast and telling floor work.

John Daniel—the only man on the team who played all of every game. The team was helped wonderfully by John's strong playing at center and he will be sorely missed next year. John has won a basket-ball "N" before.

Ralph Brubeck—our phenomenal left-handed forward. It seemed natural to Ralph to play a hard and fast game of basket-ball, and when he did not play in such a manner, he was either ill or stage-struck.

Julius Joseph—a light but fast forward, who has the eye of an eagle. Julius is like a drop of mercury, never where one wants or expects it to be.

SCORES.

N. A. H. S.	11	Salem	10	At....New Albany
N. A. H. S.	26	Charlestown	17	At....New Albany
N. A. H. S.	21	University Sch'l.	27	At .....Louisville
N. A. H. S.	22	Jeffersonville	11	At ...Jeffersonville
N. A. H. S.	22	Orleans	11	At....New Albany
N. A. H. S.	9	Orleans	21	At ..... Orleans
N. A. H. S.	25	Madison	27	At .....Madison
N. A. H. S.	22	Salem	17	At .....Salem
N. A. H. S.	33	University Sch'l.	9	At....New Albany
N. A. H. S.	29	Madison	16	At....New Albany
N. A. H. S.	50	Jeffersonville	0	At....New Albany
N. A. H. S.	270	Opponents	166	

Track

Track was late in getting started this year on account of the long basket-ball season and the early beginning in inter-class baseball. Only two meets were held, one a relay race between N. A. H. S. and Jeffersonville, April 20th at the Louisville Y. M. C. A., and the other a dual meet with New Albany Y. M. C. A., April 27th, on the Y. M. C. A. floor. The short season prevented an inter-class meet which had been customary for many years and which did so much to bring forth new material. Although there was only one "N" man on the team, the season was most successful.

The relay team, composed of Robertson, Hamilton, Hale and Brubeck, after one week of practice was able to defeat Jeffersonville by two seconds. The team won the Louisville Y. M. C. A. cup for defeating Jeff. two out of three times.

The second meet resulted contrary to the expectation of the track critics. Everybody expected High School to get a severe defeat from Y. M. C. A. because of its strong and experienced team. The surprise was considerable when N. A. H. S. won both field and track events, 19—17, and 21—20 respectively, making the total score 40 to 37 points. Had the 880-yard been run the school score

would have been greatly increased. The N. A. H. S. men who won points were: Hamilton 8—first in high jump and second in pole vault; John Riely 7—first in pole vault, third in broad jump and third in 440 yard; Brubeck 7 — first in mile, third in pole vault and third in high jump; Robertson 6—first in 110 yard and third in 220 yard; John Daniel 3—second in shot put, 35.2½ ft.; Hanafee 3—second in 440 yd., and Booher 1—third in the mile.

The relay team composed of John Riely, James Riely, Hamilton and Robertson, won first place. At this meet we won the cup which Mr. Sapinsky offered to the team winning two out of three meets. The season although short added two more cups to the collection in the office.

PERSONNEL OF THE TEAM.

John Riely—good all-around track man. He has been on the relay for two successive years.

Hamilton made the most points in the Y. M. C. A. meet. He has fine prospects for next year.

John Daniel—good at putting the shot.

Hanafee—one of the best quarter-milers in school.

Brubeck—very fast mile runner—the only man in school taking part in all four branches of athletics.

Robertson—fast on relay and short runs; will star next year.

James Riely —makes good time on the relay.

Hugh Booher—good on mile, promising next-year man.

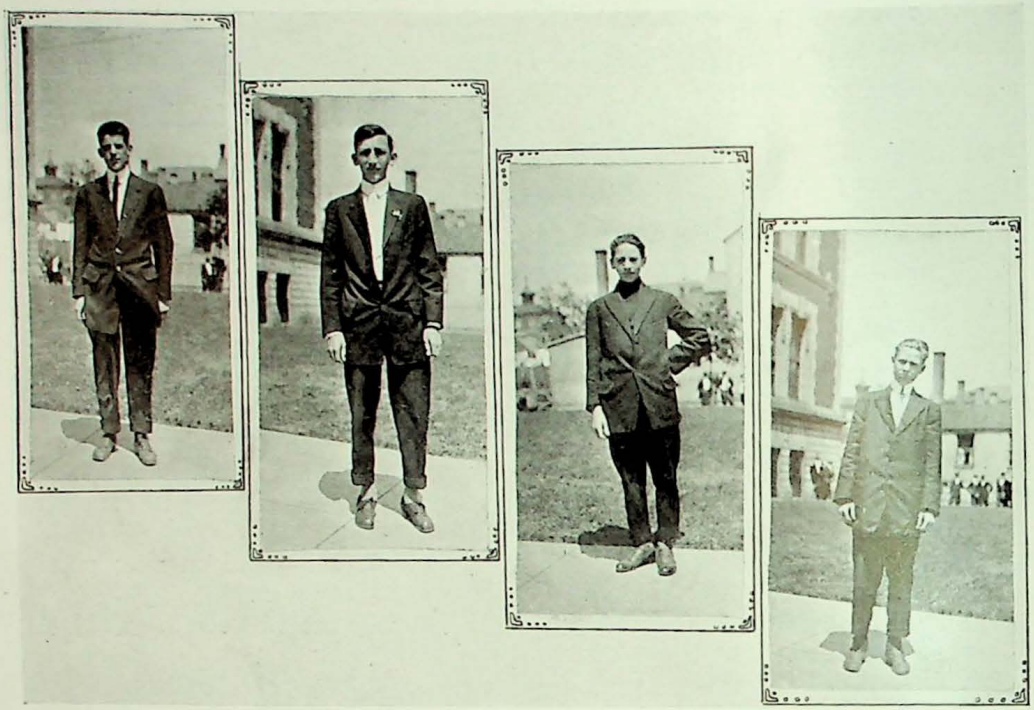
Mr. Jenks acted as coach.

Names

A city in Texas.....Austin
Skilled in the culinary line .....Baker
A Bible character.....Daniel
A tenacious kind of seed pod..... Burr(i)s
A kind of German forest Hegewald
What makes a pretty day?.....Merriweather
A natural phenomenon..Hale
A personal characteristic Neat
An English novelist....Scott
A small stream .....Graybrook
A sign of spring .....Byrd
An *un*common color.... Brown
A superlative degree...Best
Necessary to a wedding. Han(d)afee
A certain kind of boat..Rowe
A puzzle .....Riddle(y)
A kind of cough .....Hack-ett
A long-legged bird.....Stork
Specially good for kindling .....Wood
A kind of rock.....Blackstone
What candy tastes like..Mo(o)re
A fierce animal.....Wolfe

M. E. C.

Class Baseball



Baseball in the High School was brought from its hiding place this spring, where it has been kept in seclusion for the past two seasons. At the beginning of the season each class held a meeting under the direction of one of the faculty and elected a captain and manager. The Freshmen elected Mr. Sauter manager, and Burton Eckhart captain; Sophomores, Mr. Daniel, manager, and Julius Joseph, captain; Juniors, Mr. Jenkins, manager, and Frank Clipp, captain; and the Seniors Mr. Jenks, manager, and Frank Hanafee, captain. Then special days were assigned to each team for practice at Glenwood in order that each man desirous of making his class team might be given a thorough tryout before the schedule began.

By this method more of the boys of the High School were brought into closer connection with baseball and some very surprising material has been developed. Heretofore there has been only a very small portion of the boys given a chance to play baseball as there was only one team, but now every boy who is interested has an opportunity to take part in the game.

The teams have been more evenly matched than was at first supposed, although the Seniors have won every game they played, except one, lost to Freshmen, they have always had to fight a hard battle and the opposing teams showed a never-give-up spirit.

April	17.	Freshmen 9 vs. Juniors 8.
April	19.	Sophomores 3 vs. Seniors 6.
April	24.	Freshmen 4 vs. Seniors 13.
April	26.	Sophomores 6 vs. Juniors 12.
May	1.	Freshmen 0 vs. Sophs. 12.
May	3.	Juniors 2 vs. Seniors 14.
May	8.	Sophomores 2 vs. Seniors 8.
May	10.	Freshmen 5 vs. Juniors 3.
May	15.	Seniors 14 vs. Juniors 2.
May	17.	Freshmen 8 vs. Seniors 4.
May	22.	Freshmen vs. Sophs.
May	24.	Juniors vs. Seniors

Baseball

This year promises to be a very successful season. The Interclass games have developed many men and have been instrumental in making the team competent to meet, without fear of defeat, any team in the Falls Cities. Since there was no baseball last season, very few experienced players could act as mainstays to the team; nevertheless, arduous practice has developed a very strong nine. The manager, Mr. Daniel, was flooded with good pitchers. Brubeck, on acount of a wrenched shoulder, obtained in the Senior-Sophomore game, we fear will be unable to play in any Varsity game. Ridley, a tricky twirler, is in fine condition and Robertson, also a good pitcher, is ready to help when it is possible. Mitchell the catcher is a good steady player and hard hitter. Joseph will not allow any ball to pass him. Hamilton, although an under classman, plays the game like a veteran. John Riely plays with the same vim as in basket-ball. Hanafee, the hard-hitting Captain, is an unerring player and goes round the bases like a streak of lightning. Hale does not come to the bat without knocking a three-bagger. Both Neat and Clipp are creditable outfielders. Winters, Brown and Rosenbarger are in good form and can fill any place nicely. N. A. H. S. has fine prospects for next year with Mitchell, Robertson, Brown, Joseph, Hamilton, Clipp, Rosenbarger, Winters and Neat.

LINE UP

Ridley, Robertson	Pitchers.
Mitchell	Catcher
Hamilton	1st Base
Riely	2nd Base
Hanafee	3rd Base
Joseph	Short Stop
Neat	R. F.
Clipp	C. F.
Hale	L. F.
Winters, Brown, Rosenbarger	Substitutes

SCHEDULE

May 11. N. A. H. S. 9, Jeff. 2 at...Jeff.

May 25. N. A. H. S.—Jeff at .....

Football

The victories by N. A. H. S. in football were due in large part to the brilliant work of some of the '12 boys. Therefore we again print this picture which contains six "N" men from the 1912 class who bravely won honor for their class and their school. Seldom if ever has a class contributed so many football players as the present one.

A complete history of the season can be found in the 1911½ Blotter. Only the Senior members will be here mentioned.

Captain John Daniel (fullback) by his example inspired his men to "fight and win."

Morris Best (end)—"Bestie" is all grit and nerve. He was made for the gridiron.

Philip Hale (halfback) by his spectacular, lightning end runs gained many a yard for N. A. H. S.

Frank Hanafee (half back)—The quality of "Irish" lies in his steady, diligent, untiring work.

Edward Ridley (end) was a fighter from start to finish. His timely tackles can never be forgotten.

Ralph Brubeck (guard)—"Lefty" held the line like a stone wall. His opponents found it impregnable.

Alvin Hinkle (substitute) played part of the Corydon game and was always ready to play in any other.

N. A. H. S.	47	Corydon	0
N. A. H. S.	6	Manual	5
N. A. H. S.	12	K. M. I.	10
N. A. H. S.	5	Pleasureville	0
N. A. H. S.	0	University	18
N. A. H. S.	6	Pleasureville	0
N. A. H. S.	21	Jeffersonville	0
N. A. H. S.	97	Opponents	33

Adieu! Farewell!

Dear High School, now we take our leave,
A happier day, we can't perceive.
Our Latin books we lay aside
And ponies now too weak to ride.
Miss Coble at her desk we seek,
Assure her we desire no Greek;
She gently smiles and says "Quite true:
Adieu! Farewell! I'm through with you."

Then down the hall we wend our way,
Meet Mr. Allen, sad to say,
For he was always kind but shrewd,
And helped us ev'ry time he could,
That is if not compelled to utter
His famous motto, "Pass the butter."
Then with a wink and joke for each,
"Adieu! Farewell! That class 's a peach."

The next we meet is our Miss Ray,
She wears a smile as bright as day.
Her love's still like the red, red rose,
Whom she does love, nobody knows.
We would not like to take a guess,
She may, perhaps, some day confess,
Just so it's not the man we think.
Adieu! Farewell! No more red ink.

And now room Number Ten we reach,
Here is where Mr. Jenks does teach,
He's been a true and faithful friend,
And kept us working till the end.
Though not as tall as Mr. Sauter,
He's been a booster for the "Blotter."
A lady's man he'll ever be,
Adieu! Farewell! Won't you agree?

Good Mr. Daniel we must see,
How happy he does seem to be!
You couldn't make him mad at you
If your German you never knew.
No harm he'll say of anyone
Unless it's just to have some fun.
Thanks for the knowledge we possess,
Adieu! Farewell! N. A. H. S.

—MARY SCHELLER.

Forsaken

It was the day after school closed and the halls were perfectly quiet until George Washington from his pedestal at the head of the girls' stairway broke the silence.

"How lonesome without those cheerful patriotic boys and girls who had me as the 'father of their country.' And the boys especially, who were so loyal to their country that, when the time demanded, they closed their beloved books and went forth to celebrate. How lonesome! and we must endure this three long months. Indeed, some of them will never return."

"Yes, yes," joined Julius Caesar from his lofty place on the book case in Room 8 as the tears flowed down his face, washing away the last trace of his eye. It is sad. 'Vale Senior, vale.' What pleasure it has given me to see them in their four years, go with me into my campaigns in Gaul, go with Cicero into the forum and last of all to follow Aeneas in his wanderings. You cannot know how I shall miss them."

Down at the other end of the hall William Shakespeare in Room 2 had called out to John Milton at the head of the boys' stairway, "Milton, my dear Cos, I am all undone. All my friends have left me. I am tired of life. Even those who feigned to love me most and to whom I bore most affection — the Seniors — have forgotten me. 'This is the unkindest cut of all.' "

"Methinks it is almost as lonely here as it was in Paradise for our ancestors. I grow melancholy, and not even the thoughts of my own L'Allegro brighten me. How those children loved that poem and how with it they bid melancholy flee."

There was a grunt in the front hall and the Medicine Man looked over his shoulder. "You may think you're lonely, but just think of me. Not once, for a great many moons will I behold the brilliant faculty pass in and out the door."

V. M.

Looking Backward

"Seniors, seniors, seniors, we," sang Lucile as she swept grandly into Room 10 where a group of Senior girls were chattering away as though it was the last day they would ever be permitted to use their tongues.

"Yes, but you weren't always," said Mabel.

"That's the truth," was the reply.

"Why don't you remember when we were all little Freshies?" asked Lucile. "I do."

"Little," cried Harriet, pointing impressively at Lucille, "Little!"

"Oh well, not so much taller than you," laughed Lucile. "I guess I meant green, though."

"That's better," said Pearl, "weren't we all funny looking?"

"Well, I guess," said Ruth Booher, "don't you remember how Vinco used to walk around here with her chin up in the air?"

Vinco giggled. "Yes, but I've come down exactly four notches — one for each year."

"Ruth Clark, don't you want me to tell my candid opinion of you then?" said Mary S. "I thought you were a flirt."

"Hm—m," said Ruth.

"She doesn't deny it," said Nova.

"And Lucile, don't you remember those great high ruches in your collars?" piped Hazel.

A new burst of laughter greeted this.

"You looked exactly like the pictures of Queen Elizabeth," laughed Mary Mc.

"How did Hazel look?" asked Mary Clipp.

"Just exactly as she does now, only she was bashful and did not curl her hair."

"Oh-o-o," said Hazel.

"Well, you haven't said a thing about the boys,' said Ed., as he sauntered up to the group. "I've been listening for the last ten minutes, but all you girls think about is yourselves."

"We do not,' said Ruth C— emphaticaly.

Everybody giggled.

"Well, Ed.," said one, "you were only our little joker in knickerbockers."

Ed. beat a hasty retreat.

"There's Merrill,' said Ruth B., looking at Vinco.

"Oh, 'Shorty' was always 'Shorty'," chorused the girls.

"And Alvin,' said Vinc. looking at Ruth.

"He was little, too, wasn't he," said Mabel.

"I suppose you all thought of Morris and Wiley as inseparable sports."

"Yes, yes," agreed the girls. "Of course!"

"And Clarence as a preacher and Stanley — O Stanley was just a jolly, good-natured boy. You wouldn't have thought he would have made such a dignified Senior, would you?"

"And there's Emmet; well, he was so bashful I never did see him enough to know, but John, he always reminded me of— O dear, there's the bell—"

"Ding-i-ling-i-ling" went the bell and Mr. Jenks tapped loudly on his desk and the girls hurried to their seats and returned to their Senior life again.

—B. B.

PERSONALS.

Spence Hegewald made a trip to the new K. & I. bridge Sunday. We believe, as he, that its supervision should be under his control.

The Rev. E. G. Bullington attended a mothers' meeting in the church parlor Wednesday afternoon.

Eyes tested free; glasses accurately fitted. Dr. Williams, Graduate Optician, Pearl St.

Cleo Merriweathers and Marian Owens passed thru our Twin City, Jeffersonville, on their way to Louisville to buy commencement dresses.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

Frank Hanafee is halfback in football and Latin—especially the latter.

P. S.—He is Irish and his hair gets combed when he goes to the barber shop.

In the Senior-Junior game, Big John Daniel happened to hold out his bat and the pitcher hit it. He got to third base. Hurrah for the pitcher!

Morris Best and Ed. Ridley are unsurpassable as end men. They are showing up very well at the end of their High School career.

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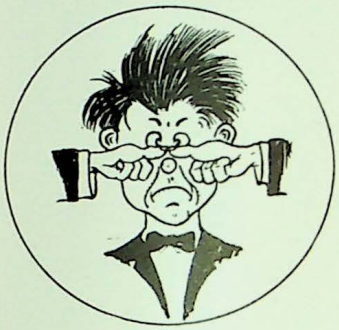
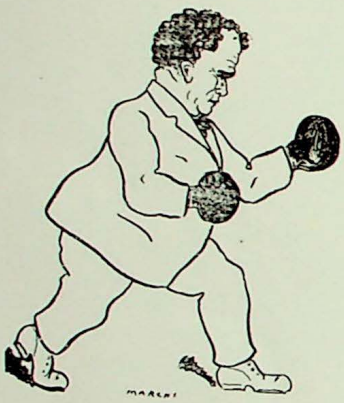
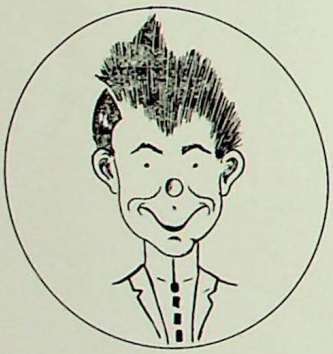


Calendar

JAN. 20. N. A. H. S. 26—Charlestown 17.
JAN. 22. Froze out.
JAN. 23. No school—"Hurrah for the plumbers."
JAN. 24. Welcome, Lizzies!
JAN. 25. Miss Ray is given a box of nuts by the Senior boys.
JAN. 26. Freshmen applauded as they make their first appearance in Chapel.
JAN. 27. N. A. H. S. 19—U. S. 27.
JAN. 29. 12-B's march from Chapel.
JAN. 29. Football men come out clad in red sweaters.
JAN. 30. Senior girls make baking powder.
JAN. 30. "Long Live Senior A's," by Mr. McLinn.
JAN. 31. Lucile Hackett and Chester Dierking actually star in history.
FEB. 1. Mr. McLinn presented a biscuit by Mary Stotsenburg. (Uses it as a paper weight.)
FEB. 2. Hackett wears a veil to school. Why?
FEB. 3. N. A. H. S. 22—Orleans 11.
FEB. 5. Blotter Contest opens with speech by S. L. S.
FEB. 6. One more place for money—Athletic Association.
FEB. 7. Mr. Conner proves we have three thumbs.
FEB. 8. Harbingers of spring—John Daniels wears light trousers.
FEB. 8. Room 2 gets another subscription for Blotter. Hurrah!
FEB. 9. Margaret Rowe carried Blotter money in big tin can.
FEB. 9. Mr. McLinn takes Freshmen in his paternal embrace.
FEB. 10. N. A. H. S. 9—Orleans 21.
FEB. 12. Mr. Lucas speaks.
FEB. 13. Many familiar faces missing.
FEB. 13. Gym. assumes a hearty appearance.
FEB. 14. Senior Leap Year Party.
FEB. 14. Room 10 wins Blotter picture. 652 per cent. Room 2 comes in second.
FEB. 15. "Long Live the Girls"—Senior boys' byword.
FEB. 16. First signs of spring—Hackett wears low cuts.
FEB. 16. N. A. H. S. 25—Madison 27.
FEB. 19. Rebels are again in camp.
FEB. 20. If each day is worth $10, why does the school fork up.
FEB. 21. Music proved a failure.
FEB. 22. Washington's Birthday.
FEB. 23. N. A. H. S. 22—Jeffersonville 11.
FEB. 23. Senior Latin class has spring fever.
FEB. 26. Basket-ball team marches from Chapel.
FEB. 27. Senior boys make a rush for the Library. Orations in English.





FEB. 28. Freshman peeps in Miss Ray's room through transom.
FEB. 29. Ben Jackson celebrates his fourth birthday.
FEB. 29. 12-A boys sing High School song in Room 1.
MAR. 1. N. A. H. S. 22—Salem 17.
MAR. 1. Mr. Buerk starts to colored school with boxing gloves.
MAR. 2. N. A. H. S. 33—U. S. 9.
MAR. 4. Skimp Kenny picks up his desk and walks.
MAR. 4. Roman House, work of Gwinner Boli, on display in Latin class.
MAR. 5. Phil Hale burns finger making walnut fudge.
MAR. 5. Stanley parts his hair on the side for a change.
MAR. 6. Bestie and Hinkle get a shock trying to pull a half dollar out of a charged jar.
MAR. 6. Miss Ray describes the kind of man she wants.
MAR. 7. Something happens to the clock in Room 2.
MAR. 8. Grand rush for Blotter.
MAR. 9. N. A. H. S. 29—Madison 16.
MAR. 11. Shirley Wilcox and Miss Simmons have snow-ball fight.
MAR. 12. Mr. Allen tells about his commencement date.
MAR. 13. Beatrice tastes salt in a hot evaporating dish. Results?
MAR. 13. Alcyone pie debate. Judges are served samples.
MAR. 14. Mr. Jenks has the blues.
MAR. 15. Phil Hale stars in singing in auditorium.
MAR. 16. N. A. H. S. 50—Jeff. 0. Faculty 9—Second team 14.
MAR. 18. Mr. Hobson talks in Chapel.
MAR. 19. 12-B pins distributed.
MAR. 19. Starkie gets a haircut.
MAR. 19. Discords from harmony class.
MAR. 20. Shorty gets to see Jack Johnson.
MAR. 21. Bestie falls out of seat in English class.
MAR. 21. First indications of Senior Blotter (Dummy Blotter).
MAR. 22. 12-A boys practice a-e-i-o-w stunt.
MAR. 25. German Club present (Eigensinn) au Schauspiel.
MAR. 26. Mr. McLinn almost suffocates with chlorine gas in chemistry laboratory.
MAR. 27. Orchestra recital.
MAR. 28. Vacation.
MAR. 29. Orchestra special for Indianapolis.
APR. 1. Ridley sleeps every period of the day.
APR. 2. John Daniel makes 99 in Physics.
APR. 3. Guy Wolfe makes a report on super phosphates in Chemistry.
APR. 4. Presentation of Basket Ball N's.
APR. 4. Bottle of ink spilled on Mary S.'s best skirt.
APR. 5. Hinkle puts a real live mouse in M. Clipp's desk. (Chorus of shrieks.)
APR. 8. Mary Clippinger is seen with a candy rabbit at school.

APRIL 9. Returns of election (Senior A boys): T. R. 13, Taft 0, Wilson 3.
APR. 9. Mr. Jenks steps on Mary McDonough.
APR. 9. Exciting 12-A class meeting.
APR. 10. Mary Clippinger brings good-looking cousin to school.
APR. 10. Van and Mabel fuss.
APR. 10. Three Senior boys try for the relay team. Phip. make ¼ mile in 75 minutes.
APR. 11. Miss Coble's "Comic History of Greece" arrives.
APR. 11. Alvin H. starts Blotter campaign with 35 subscriptions.
APR. 12. Physics class invades electric light plant. Hinkle and Ridley get lost.
APR. 15. Vinco M. gets a shower bath at 11th and Spring from an unsuspecting classmate.
APR. 16. Tag Day in High School. Senior Blotter tags out.
APR. 16. Chemistry class visits gas plant.
APR. 16. Blotter Board has picture taken.
APR. 17. The darkest day Mr. Jenks ever saw.
APR. 17. 12-A pictures begin.
APR. 18. Bestie has his Physics notebook up.
APR. 19. Baseball: Seniors 6—Sophs. 3.
APR. 22. Ruth Clark sneezes so hard that she bursts her collar in three places.
APR. 23. Junior —: Sophs. —.
APR. 24. Seniors 15—Freshmen 5.
APR. 24. Danny picks up three waifs on the way to Glenwood.
APR. 26. Orchestra plays for Charlestown graduation commencement.
APR. 29. Mr. McLinn gives interesting talk on Titanic.
APR. 29. Grades out. Physics class visits ice factory.
APR. 30. Hackett loses her slipper in Chem.
APR. 30. Honor pupils march from Chapel. Spence is too modest to appear.
MAY 1. Evan McLinn visits 12-A class meeting.
MAY 1. Hink is thrown out of Room 10 window.
MAY 1. Vinco trips on Esther's chair; double collision follows.
MAY 2. Pearl and Mabel wrestle over string of beads.
MAY 2. Irene Graybrook sports commencement present—diamond ring.
MAY 3. Seniors 17—Juniors 2.
MAY 6. Dr. Reid speaks in Chapel. Phip goes to sleep in Geometry.
MAY 7. Mr. Allen informs us he is on the war-path. He speaks the truth.
MAY 8. Seniors 9—Sophs. 2. Lefty Brubeck gets it in the shoulder.
MAY 9. Pearl and Mabel wear twin dresses to school.
MAY 9. Debate in Chapel. N. A. H. S. vs. Alumni.
MAY 16. Debate: N. A. H. S. vs. Richmond.
MAY 17. Last day for the Seniors.
MAY 28. Class night.
MAY 29. Junior reception.
MAY 30. Commencement.

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A section of the 12A History class had visitors not long ago. Mr. Jenks called on Margaret Ferguson for a rather long recitation and one of the visitors was heard to remark: "It's a shame to make a little girl like her, with such a childish voice recite such difficult parts of the lesson."

Guy Wolfe was up to his old tricks again a week or two ago and which are characteristic of his last name, prowling around day and night among the flocks. He is said to have been hunting a commencement date.

Mr. Jenks — "For some reason I know it not, I cannot endure a tight clasp of my hand."

Harriet Neat—"Oh! Mr. Jenks, if you were a girl you would have to get used to that."

Freshman — "What is this Senior Blotter?"

Stanley Scott — "What fools admire, but men of sense approve."

John Daniel—"Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony, but originally I am incapable of a tune."

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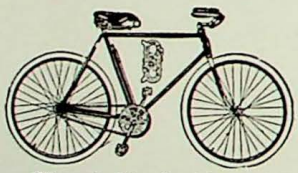

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Edward—"So did I."

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Ralph Schreiber—"Nearly every boy in the Senior class has a date for commencement."

Spence Hegewald—"Foolish! foolish men!"

Lucile Hackett (after History test)—"Say, Mildred, what did you make in history?"

Mildred (bashfully)—"Oh, I don't want to tell."

Lucile—"Pshaw, I'm not ashamed to tell; I made 56 per cent. Go on and tell."

Mildred (sorrowfully)—"I made only 95 per cent."

Now we who aspire to be poets,
Have a very hard life to lead:
For the one who is boss of this paper
Says our poems are not fit to read.

Miss Simmons (to Freshie)—"Give an example of a double negative."

Freshie—"I don't know none."

It is said that when Franklin Stork caught a speckled trout once he threw it back because he thought it had the measles.

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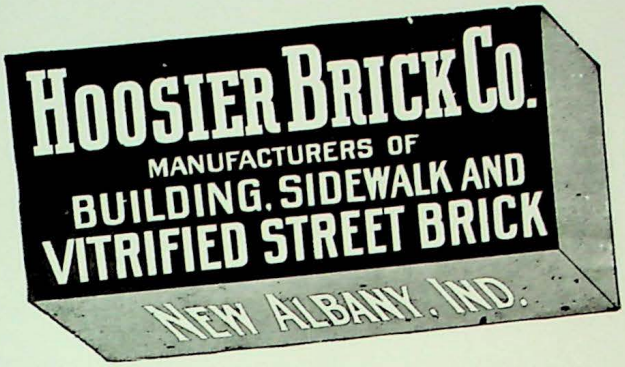

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Spence flunking.
Margaret Rowe with a frown.
Mary Stots late at school.
Noel Byrd up to mischief.
Irene Graybrook living without mathematics.
Ruth Plummer out of humor.
Emma Schliecher in the country.
Alice Kranz beside her.
Mr. Daniels posing for a picture.
Stanley Scott in a soldier suit.
Merrill Williams as a dentist.
Frank Bedford as a lawyer.
Ralph Schrieber playing baseball.
Hackett in tears.
Philip Hale in a hurry.
Flora Burris running an auto.
Cleo Meriweather when she can't giggle.
Esther Fleischer with curls.
Emmett Bullington with a girl.
Marian Owen being saucy.
Mabel Wood being demure.
Pictures are these that few artists can paint.

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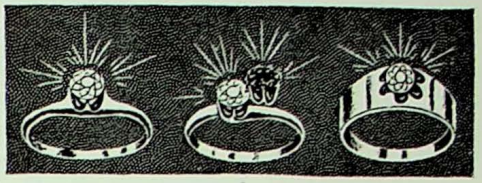

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Esther Fleischer—"Pugnose."

Soph.—My head has been aching all day. Guess I'll have it extracted."

Senior—"I would suggest that you have it filled."

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"Tomorrow I'll get out of bed
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